

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1081.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1841.

[PRICE 2d.]

Original Communications.

THE STATUE OF GUTENBERG.

WITH the statue of Gutenberg, executed by Thorwaldsen for the town of Mayence, most of our readers are already acquainted. Although we do not presume to compare this figure of M. David d'Anvers, the subject of our present engraving, with that of the great Danish sculptor, yet we by no means depreciate the French artist's composition; on the contrary, we consider M. David to have been most successful both in his idea and its execution. We cannot but admire the mysterious animation pervading the whole figure. The advanced leg, the nervous movement of the body, the melancholy expression of the features, the quaint fantastic cap, are all emblematical or characteristic of this early and great inventor, who spent his life in the realization of a huge and sublime conception. The unrolling of the first printed page, the words written thereon, "and there was light," indicative of the great effect to be acquired from his invention, is an idea worthy of the great Florentine himself. Round the pedestal of the statue are bassi-relievi representing the benefits received by mankind from the discovery of printing; the great and the wise of all nations and all sects are there assembled; every allegory and emblem have been called into requisition by the artist to illustrate his progressive tale of civilization, liberty, and amelioration, in the happiness of mankind, consequent upon Gutenberg's discovery.

The fêtes celebrated in Strasbourg on the inauguration of this statue of Gutenberg were of three days' duration. On the first day every house in the town, with but few exceptions, was surmounted by the national flag; those in the principal streets through which the procession was to pass were decorated with garlands of flowers, festoons of which reached from one side of the street to the other; during the morning religious service was celebrated in all the churches, protestant and catholic—nay, even in the synagogue belonging to the Jews, of whom there are a great many in Strasbourg. At noon the ringing of the bells announced the opening of the feast. The public authorities and different free corporations of the town, destined to play a part in the intended

procession, met in the large room and courts of the town-hall. About one o'clock this procession commenced, headed by the bands of the different regiments then composing the garrison; after which followed the pupils of the different public schools; those of the different benevolent institutions, with their banners; those of the gymnase, normal schools, and royal colleges; the students of the academy with their badges, indicative of the classes to which they belonged; then the banners belonging to the worshipful company of printers, decorated with the armorial bearings in which they were enrolled, in 1450, by the Emperor Frederic the Third; then the banners of Gutenberg. These were again followed by the apprentices of the printer's craft, the craftsmen themselves, the worthy master printers and booksellers of Strasbourg, all these bearing in their button-holes, as marks of distinction, rosettes of blue and white riband. Then came the different civil and military authorities; the deputation of Polish refugees, with their national colours; the members of the committee; the deputations from the different towns, each accompanied by one of the members of the committee, wearing tri-coloured scarfs fringed with silver; the representatives of the French Academy; M. Dupin, aîné, and M. Blanqui, aîné, both in the costume of the members of the Institute. After these came the different deputations of printers, booksellers, and founders, of Paris, Lyons, and Nancy, together with those of Rio Janeiro, each preceded by their separate banners, indicative of the town or place to which they belonged. Every window, every space, every eminence, from which the pageant below might be seen, were crowded by spectators; an immense multitude were assembled in the Marché aux Herbes, in the middle of which seats had been erected for the principal members of the procession. Blue and white flags floated above the trees surrounding the market-place, forming an awning over the assembled multitude. In the middle of this square the bronze statue of Gutenberg had been raised, yet covered with a white and blue veil, for the purpose of hiding its form from the multitude. At the base of the

pedestal a printing-press was at work; composers and pressmen were busily employed, on the arrival of the procession, at working off impressions of hymns and sonnets in praise of Gutenberg, written for the occasion.

The principal members having taken their appointed places round the base of the statue, M. Liechenberg, advocate and vice-president of the committee, rose and addressed the multitude. At a certain sign given by him, after eulogizing the artist's invention, the veil fell from the statue—a burst of applause rose from the dense multitude on beholding the form of the father of the press; at the same moment the peal of the bells, the thunder of the artillery, and the crash of the regimental music, mingled with the acclamations of the crowd.

After a powerful address from the then mayor of Strasbourg, M. Schluttemberg, on the subject of the text, “*Et la lumière fut*,” a most learned and interesting discourse was delivered by an eminent printer of Strasbourg, a M. Silberman, on the life and works of Gutenberg. In the intervals elapsing between these separate discourses, the people had arranged some of the hymns printed at the base of the statue to some of their popular airs;—these were sung by the multitude, the military bands uniting their harmony with the chorus of the people.

Towards the afternoon our heroes of the day—the printers, visited the mountain verte, where the old convent of St. Arbogast had stood. In this convent, Gutenberg, it is said, resided for some time; here he conceived that idea for which his name was ever to be immortalized. After partaking of a collation which had been prepared for the visitors, to which the working printers and deputations from the different towns were invited, the party returned to Strasbourg, where a general illumination had taken place. The people were running from street to street in delirious excitement; every heart beat with enthusiasm. It was long since the good people of Strasbourg had seen such a jubilee. An immense crowd had assembled in the *Marché aux Herbes*, where the regimental bands were performing different pieces of music, composed expressly for the occasion. The statue of Gutenberg had been crowned with a diadem of bright and silvery light, whose purity and clearness contrasted with the surrounding fires, and those burning on the base of the pedestal. Every public edifice, especially the cathedral, blazed in artificial fire; not a house but what was decorated with some many-coloured lights, whilst the greater part of the multitude were thus occupied running from street to street, gazing with admiration on every new device that attracted their observation. The public

theatres were free to those who chose to visit them.

On the second day the character of the fêtes was still more popular, if possible, than that of the preceding. The artisans of the town had organized a pageant amongst themselves. In describing this animating scene, an eye-witness speaks of it as equaling the conceived idea of the feasts of Ceres and Bacchus. Figure to yourself, he adds, an immense assembly of the young and the beautiful, costumed in the most gracious and elegant manner; fair children, whose brows were circled with roses, bearing the badges and emblems of every known handicraft, marching to the sound of the most exquisite music, followed by thirty chariots, drawn by the most magnificent and superb horses, harnessed with ribands, and decorated with flowers; each of these again bearing the emblem of different trades. On one of these a locksmith's forge was at work—the red iron was beaten into form as the procession proceeded; another was decorated with the flowers and fruits of every kind and climate, representing the gardeners. The carpenters, the cabinet-makers, even that of the turners, which was represented by a child, in the words of the author from whom we quote; “*beautiful as young Love himself*,” busily engaged with a lathe turning a pedestal for a bust of Gutenberg, which the modellers occupying the following car were then engaged upon. The cartwrights, the coopers, the fishmongers, all had their representatives; these were interspersed with troops of the most beautiful dancers. A crowd of children decorated with garlands, and chaplets of flowers round their tiny hats, leading young lambs in rosy leashes, followed by fine and manly youths leading a bull with gilt and ornamented horns, representing the worshipful company of butchers. The masons, carrying a *belfre*, tall and beautiful, even as the spire of the cathedral. The tailors, in old-fashioned antediluvian French costumes, followed by a magistrate, a citizen, and a peasant, all in the same style of habiliment. Then came the stationers and paper-manufacturers, employed in the fabrication of paper from the very rag until the folding into reams. The lithographers, with the banners of yesterday, at work, drawing impressions of the portrait of Gutenberg, and throwing them amongst the crowd. At length came the printers, the kings of the festivity, drawn in a car by eight horses, the pressmen attired in the old German costume of the time of Gutenberg himself, every one occupied at the machine, composing, pressing, and distributing by hundreds sonnets and hymns in honour of the great inventor and his invention. A banquet had been prepared in the Corn Market for five hundred people, and all the theatres were free;

as the night advanced, the steeple of the cathedral had again been illuminated, but in a different style to the preceding evening; a line of bright fire wound round the tall spire from the base to the summit; every device of fire-work adorned the Gothic fret-work. The sparkling and many-coloured lights contrasting with the azure of the sky, gave the steeple the appearance of being embedded with precious stones of all kinds, recalling to the mind the description given by eastern poets of the abodes of the blessed. A cry of delight burst from the lips of the people as they beheld the light creeping up the tall and beautiful spire; such a sight had never before been seen in Strasbourg, and was not soon again to happen. Centuries again may pass ere such an invention as that of printing be discovered, or such a man as Gutenberg visits the town.

The third day's festivities partook of the character of the two preceding; and for many a day will the name of Gutenberg be allied to the recollection of happiness in the minds of the good people of Strasbourg.

ON THE EFFECTS OF MUSIC ON MAN AND ANIMALS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds."

(Continued from p. 220.)

HAVING discussed the various effects of music upon man, I shall now call the reader's attention to its effects upon animals; and, with the view of rendering the subject more interesting to those who would wish to trace with me its effects upon them, according to the comparative development of the auditory organs of the respective classes to which the examples refer, I shall arrange these systematically.

Mammals.—This, the highest class of animals, presents us, as we might naturally expect, with many highly susceptible to the influence of music. Animals being, from their birth, accustomed to the inartificial sounds that occur in their native haunts, are not affected by them in any peculiar manner, but, like the uncivilized races of our own species, remain unmoved by them. Music, however, exercises extraordinary effects upon them, and fully confirms the remark of Racine, that "Nature has given ears sensible of harmony even to brutes." We shall find that music subdues the rude dispositions of some; arouses the ferocity of others; renders some so docile and tame, that they may be approached without hesitation; while it makes others suspicious and frightened. It must be conceded, however, that that strain of music which may affect one species of animal in some particular way, will not, perhaps, be attended with si-

imilar results in all other species of the same class; and in the cases of domestic animals the effects seem to vary upon different individuals of the same species. M. Le Cat remarks, that "if mammals did not possess a cochlea to the ear, one would not discover in them that sensibility for harmony which they manifest. We should rather find them, in this respect, as stupid as fish, which are destitute of the cochlea."

Gregory Nicene tells us of an ape, in the city of Alexandria, which, clothed in very rich attire, used to dance very exactly to music. Once he had continued the dance for a long time, but a beholder having thrown him some nuts, he immediately left off dancing, and began to gather them, amidst the loud laughter of the spectators. Old Franzius, a moralizing zoologist, compares this ape's conduct to that of those men in high office, who will neglect the public whenever private gain offers itself to them. This writer says, "a bear is extraordinarily delighted with music. Paulus Diaconus and Olaus Magnus tell us, that there are multitudes of bears in the south, which oftentimes will come to the shepherds and make them play to them till hunger forceth them to go away; and as soon as they are gone, the shepherd will sound his horn, by which they are so affrighted that they will never come any more."—(*History of Brutes*, translated by N. W., 1670, p. 57.) Many dogs appear to be fond of music. Mr. Jesse observes, that "there is hardly a regimental band in the British service which is not attended by some particular dog, who owns no master, but picks up his living where he can; in fact, attaches itself to the band, and follows it from one quarter to another. These dogs are great favourites with the soldiers, and they never ill use them or suffer others to do so."—(*Gleanings in Natural History*, 1835, vol. iii. p. 20.) M. Marville says, that while a man was playing upon a conch shell, (*trompe marine*), he noticed a dog sitting on its hind legs looking steadfastly at the player for above an hour; and M. Le Cat observes, that we hear a dog howl, we see him weep as it were, at a tune played upon a flute, but we see him quite lively in a field, at the sound of a French horn. Bowyer states, that "a Scotch bagpiper traversing the mountains of Ulster, in Ireland, was one evening encountered by a starved wolf. In his distress, the poor man could think of nothing better than to open his wallet, and try the effects of his hospitality; he did so, and the savage swallowed all that was thrown to him with so improving a voracity as if his appetite was just returning to him. The whole stock of provision was, of course, soon spent, and now his only recourse was to the virtues of his bagpipe; this the monster no sooner heard; than he took to

the mountains with the same precipitation with which he had left them. The poor piper could not so perfectly enjoy his deliverance, but that, with an angry look at parting, he shook his head, saying, "Ay, are these your tricks? had I known your humour, you should have had your music before supper."—(*Anecdotes*, 1782.) Sparrman furnishes us with an anecdote of a trumpeter, who, by a similar expedient, saved himself from falling a prey to a prowling hyæna:—"One night," he says, "at a feast near the Cape, a trumpeter who had got himself well filled with liquor, was carried out of doors, in order to cool and sober him. The scent of him soon attracted a spotted hyæna, which threw him on its back, and carried him away to Table Mountain, thinking him a corpse, and consequently a fair prize. In the meantime, our drunken musician awoke sufficiently sensible to know the danger of his situation, and to sound the alarm with his trumpet, which he carried fastened to his side. The beast, as may be easily imagined, was not less frightened in its turn." Sir Everard Home found that the effect of the higher notes of the pianoforte upon the great lion in Exeter Change, was only to excite his attention, which was very great, as he remained silent and motionless. But no sooner were the flat notes sounded, than he sprang up, attempted to break loose, lashed his tail, uttered the deepest yells, and seemed so furious and enraged as to frighten the ladies.

"You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear,
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar."

Midsommer Night's Dream, Act v. Sc. 1.

Franzius says, "the tiger cannot endure the sound of drums, which maketh him run mad, and tear himself to pieces." But Virgil, in his "Georgics," (Book iv. line 510,) speaks of Orpheus softening the heart of the tiger, by means of song and lyric music. Valmont de Bomare saw, at the fair of St. Germain, cats turned musicians; their performance being announced as the "Mewing Concert." In the centre, was an ape beating time; and some cats were arranged on each side of him, with music before them on the stalls. At a signal from the ape, they regulated their mewing to sad or lively strains. Seals have a most delicate sense of hearing, and delight in musical sounds; a fact not unknown to the ancients. *Gaudebant carmine Phocæ*—seals delight in song, says Valerius Flaccus; and Walter Scott says,

"Rude Heiskar's seals, through surges dark,
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark."

Laing, in his "Voyage to Spitzbergen,"

states, that a numerous audience of seals would surround the vessel and follow it for miles when a violin was played on deck, as was often the case. Music has been resorted to as a means of attracting rats, mice, and other mischievous animals, from out of their abodes. In Verstegan's "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," (Antwerp, 1605,) it is recorded, that "Hulberstadt, in Germany, was extremely infested with rats, which a certain musician (called, from his habit, the 'Pyed Piper') agreed, for a great sum of money, to destroy; whereupon he tuned his pipes, and the rats immediately followed him to the next river, where they were all drowned. But when the piper demanded his pay, he was refused, with some scorn and contempt; upon which he began another tune, and was followed by all the children of the town to a neighbouring hill, called Hamelin, which opened and swallowed them up, and then closed again. One boy, being lame, came after the rest; but seeing what had happened, returned and related this strange circumstance. The story was believed, for the parents never after heard of their lost children. This incident is said to have happened on July 22, 1376, and that since that time the people of Hulberstadt permit not any drum, pipe, or other instrument, to be sounded in that street which leads to the gate through which the children passed. They also established a decree, that in all writings of contract or bargain, after the date of our Saviour's nativity, the date also of the year of the children's going forth shall be added, in perpetual remembrance of this surprising event." Of the truth of this story, which may be found versified in some works, I leave the reader to form his own opinion. In the "Magazine of Natural History," vol. ix. (1836) page 105, it is stated, that the steward of a ship, infested with rats, used to play some lively airs on a flute after he had baited his traps and placed them near the rat holes. The music, we are told, attracted the rats, who entered the traps unconscious of that danger which, without this allurements, they would have instinctively avoided. In this way, it is said, the steward bagged from fifteen to twenty rats in about three hours. The mouse is no less pleased with music. I have seen several mice regularly come out of their holes and run about a school-room, whenever the boys were singing psalms. An officer, confined in the Bastille, at Paris, begged to be allowed to play on his lute, to soften his confinement by its harmonies. Shortly afterwards, when playing on the instrument, he was much astonished to see a number of mice frisking out of their holes, and many spiders descending from their webs, and congregating round him while he continued the music.

Whenever he ceased they dispersed; whenever he played again they re-appeared. He soon had a far more numerous, if not a more respectable audience, amounting in all to about a hundred mice and spiders. Sir Everard Home thinks that the long fibres that radiate from the centre of the oval tympanum of the elephant, and are of different lengths, like the radii from the focus of an ellipse, enable it to hear very minute sounds, which it is known to do. A pianoforte having been sent on purpose to Exeter 'Change, the higher notes hardly attracted the elephant's notice, but the low ones roused his attention. Altogether, Sir Everard is disposed to think the elephant does not possess a musical ear. Suetonius tells us, however, that the Emperor Domitian had a troop of elephants disciplined to dance to the sound of music, and that one of them which had been beaten for not having his lesson perfect, was observed on the following night to be practising by himself in a meadow. The enterprising and lamented Clapperton informs us, that when he was departing on a warlike expedition from Lake Muggaby, he had convincing proofs that the *hippopotami* are very sensibly affected by musical sounds, even by such as are not of the softest kinds. As the expedition passed along the banks of the lake at sunrise, these uncouth and stupendous animals "followed the drums of the different chiefs the whole length of the water, sometimes approaching so close to the shore that the water they spouted from their mouths reached the persons who were passing along the bank. I counted fifteen at one time sporting on the surface; and my servant Columbus shot one of them in the head, when he gave so loud a roar, while he buried himself in the lake, that all the others disappeared in an instant." M. Le Cat remarks, that the horse becomes highly animated at the sound of a trumpet, notwithstanding the thick muscular texture which encompasses his auditory organs. Franzius says, "the horse is very much delighted with any musical instrument, for he is observed sometimes even to weep with joy at it, but most of all he is pleased at the sound of a trumpet. Pliny, speaking of horses, mentioneth a sort of people in Italy that taught their horses to dance to the sound of a trumpet, which they used to do at great feasts; and therefore, when the enemy waged war with them, they had the best trumpets they could get, by which the enemy's horses were so transported that they would leap and dance, and run with their masters on their backs into their enemy's camp."

"And when the drum beats briskly in the gale,
The war-worn courser charges at the sound,
And with young vigour wheels the pasture round."
Rogers's *Pleasures of Memory*, Part i.

Shakespeare has taken notice of the horse's sensibility to music, in the following passage:—

"Then I beat my tabour,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears.
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music."
Tempest, Act iv. Sc. 1.

The instances of the attractive influence of music on animals are very curious; but how much more curious is it to find some animals so sensitive to its charms as voluntarily to resort to places where they know they have a chance of gratifying their taste for it. We are told, that "an ass at Chartres used to go to the chateau of Quarville, to hear the music that was performed there. The owner of the chateau was a lady, who had an excellent voice; and whenever she began to sing, the ass never failed to draw nearer to the window, and listen very attentively. Once, when a piece was performed, which no doubt pleased him better than any he had ever heard before, he left his ordinary post, walked without ceremony into the music room, and, in order to add to the concert what he thought was wanting to render it perfect, began to bray with all his might."—(Innes's edition of *Goldsmith's Natural History*, vol. i. p. 21, 1834.) A writer in the "Athenæum," No. 437, page 537, says, "The ass is no unimportant member of the Spanish population, for he is to be seen everywhere; and he has apparently as much gratification in listening to the street-concerts as any Christian present. From the whisking of his short tail, the steady gaze of his eyes, and, above all, the pricking of his ears, you would swear that he was familiar with every tune." In Heresbach's "Fourre Bookes of Husbandrie," translated by Barnaby Googe (1586), page 125, it is stated, that asses "are very apt to be taught, (in Egypt and Barbary,) so as at this day in Alcayre you shall have them dance very mannerly, and keep measure with their musician." The camel drivers encourage their *camels* to proceed, by singing snatches of song to them; and Franzius says of this useful animal, that "if once tired in a journey, he will not stir (though you lay on ever so many stripes) unless he hear some music." Jesse says, that he knew a regimental band "which was headed by a goat, and another by a tame deer; and these animals performed a march with the utmost regularity. Whether it arose from any fondness for music, I know not; but it was pleasant to see the confidence and kindness which existed between these animals and the soldiers."—(*Gleanings in Natural History*, vol. iii. p. 20, 1835.)

"Waller longs,
All on the margin of some flowery stream
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool

Of plantain shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resound, soft warbling, all the livelong day."
Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination,
Book III.

Professor Wilson, in his lines "To a Wild Deer," says—

"No outrage is war to a creature like thee!
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee!"

It is noticed by Franzius, that stags "love music exceedingly, and are much delighted in hearing any one sing; and therefore one goeth before a stag and singeth to him, while another cometh behind him and taketh him." M. Marville observed that while a man was playing on a conch-shell, a hind lifted up her large, wide ears, and seemed very attentive. Mrs. Vasey, the authoress of a little book called "The Natural Historian," says, "If a person happen to whistle, or call at a distance, the stag stops short, and gazes upon the stranger with a kind of silent admiration; and if he perceives neither fire-arms nor dogs preparing against him, he goes slowly forward with apparent unconcern. He seems delighted with the sound of the shepherd's pipe; which, on that account, is sometimes used to lure him to destruction." Playford, in his "Introduction to Music," says, "Travelling some years since, I met on the road near Royston a herd of about twenty bucks following a bagpipe and violin, which, while the music played, went forward; when it ceased they all stood still; and in this manner they were brought out of Yorkshire to Hampton Court. Elsum has published some lines "On pictures of a Listening Fawn," of Cooke's painting, beginning thus:—

"Two striplings of the wood, of humour gay,
Themselves diverting on the pipe do play;
A third, more solid, and of riper years,
Bows down his body, and erects his ears
With such attention that you'd think he hears."

Sir William Jones, in his curious dissertation on Hindoo music, says, "that he has been assuredly a creditable eye-witness, that two wild antelopes used often to come from their woods to the place where a more savage beast, Sirrajuddaulah, entertained himself with concerts, and that they listened to the strains with an appearance of pleasure, till the monster, in whose soul there was no music, shot one of them, to display his skill in archery." Sheep have been long noted for their attachment to music. Heresbach says, "A shepherd must deal lovingly and gently with his flock, comforting and cheering them with singing and whistling; for the Arabians (as Alianus writeth), doe finde that this kind of cattle take great delight in music, and that it doth them as much good as their pasture." Franzius speaks to the same effect: "When the sheep," says he, "hear the shepherd's

voice, they all get together into one place, but especially when he singeth, for they love music exceedingly, and it maketh them feed the better; they are so delighted with it that some think they would not live long if the shepherd did not sing." This extraordinary writer also says, "the ox is exceedingly delighted in music;" and the remark is true, for fierce bulls have in several instances been calmed into gentleness by music. Of this musical feeling in oxen, Dr. Southey, in his "Letters from Spain," mentions a very singular instance:—"The carts," he says, "of Corunna make so loud and disagreeable a creaking with their wheels, for want of oil, that the governor once issued an order to have them greased; but it was revoked, on the petition of the carters, who stated that the oxen liked the sound, and would not draw without this music." Professor Bell, in his "History of Quadrupeds" (1837), p. 405, assures us, that he has "often, when a boy, tried the effect of the flute on cows and some other animals, and has always observed that it produced great apparent enjoyment." There is an old song that contains some lines on the cow's fondness for music:—

"There was a piper had a cow,
And he had nought to give her;
He took his pipes and played a tune,
And bade the cow consider.

The cow consider'd very well,
And gave the piper a penny
To play the same tune over again,
The corn rigs are bonnie."

Cetacea. In this class of animals I only know of one species that is reported to have a taste for music. Pliny says dolphins love music, and will come at the call of those persons who are in the habit of feeding them. The ancients tell us, that a dolphin was so charmed with the lute of Arion, that it swam towards him and saved him from perishing in the waters, into which he was compelled to throw himself to escape from his mutinous crew, who, however, granted him permission to chant some sweet strains to his lute, previous to his diving into the sea, from which he was so happily rescued by the intervention of this philharmonic cetacean, who safely conveyed the great musician upon its back to Cape Tienarus in Sparta, where it was taken leave of by its rider, who went thence to the city of Corinth.

*Inde (sive majus) tergo Delphina recurvo,
Se nemorant oneri supposuisse novo,
Ille sedens citharamque tenens, pretiumque vehendi
Cantat, et aequoreas carmine mulcet aquas.*
Ovid. Fasti, lib. II. 119.

But (past belief) a dolphin's arched back,
Preserved Arion from his destined strains
Secure he sits, and with harmonious strains
Requites his bearer for his friendly pains.

SHOPS OF LONDON.

AMONG the various tradesmen who spare neither pains nor expense to attract the attention of the public, none are more remarkable than the linen-draper and silk-mercers; their ornamented shops, neat entrances, and windows decorated in the most tasteful manner, are like baits to the passers-by, alluring them to purchase.

To prove this assertion, we have only to ask our readers to visit the west-end, where shops, beautifully ornamented and sumptuously decorated with large windows, mirroring a dozen of the wonder-struck bystanders, strike the eye. The countryman—fresh from the green sward—with broad-brimmed hat, plump and ruddy cheeks, may be seen staring, with open mouth, at their magnificent appearance; while loitering fops—the locusts of the west-end—may be observed from time to time, crossing the street opposite one of those superb establishments, his eye beaming with delight as he gazes on

the reflection of his *handsome* form. Handsome!—yes, handsome; for the drum-stick leg, the screwed-up waist, the tuft of hair on the upper lip, is now the quintessence of gentility.

This mania among linen-draper for magnificent establishments is not confined to the west-end. The east boasts also of shops of no mean appearance, and one, in point of grandeur far surpassing anything of the kind we have ever witnessed, is that of Harvey and Son, Ludgate Hill. The following engraving may, in some measure, give our readers an idea of this gorgeous establishment of the east. The shop, from its magnificent entrance, its huge brass pillars, and decorated front, attract the attention of all passers; and carriages of the nobility and gentry are often seen standing at this great emporium. Not that we mean to say that the fine appearance of the shop is the only enticement to purchasers. Gloucester House, (Nos. 15, 16, 17, Ludgate Hill,) the former place of



business of Messrs. Harvey, has been known for upwards of thirty years as one of the most respectable establishments in London—where articles of the first quality were to be had at a reasonable price; and we may say, that although the Messrs. Harvey have changed their premises, they still intend to continue their old practice of supplying the public with wares worthy of their attention.

The editor of the "Post Magazine," in one of his articles on the shops of London, says, "When old Zechariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was asked by what means he had contrived to realize so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was,—'Friend, by one article alone, in which thou mayest deal too, if thou pleasest—civility.' We have every reason to believe that Messrs. Harvey have dealt largely in this commodity, and, like old Zechariah, have found the good effects resulting from keeping a plentiful supply.

The change that these premises has undergone shews the rapid advancement of scientific principles, for while the shop was reconstructing, the three upper stories of the house may be said to have been suspended in air. The first story is now twenty-two feet in height, having an elegant gallery suspended from its ceiling. The shop-windows are recessed from the street, forming a secure retreat for ladies; and having very massive brass columns, with richly chased and burnished caps, and scrolls of solid castings, filled in with plate-glass of large dimensions. The whole is surmounted by a richly ornamented *entablature*, in a very elegant style of architecture.

The enclosure made use of to shut up the premises is of a very novel construction, being one entire screen of nearly 600 superficial feet, and rises, (on a self-acting principle) *en masse* from below the pavement.

The whole has been constructed from the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. J. H. Taylor, architect, 22, Parliament-street.

THE TEMPEST.

THE scowl of the tempest is darkening the heaven,
Destruction rides fleet on the wings of the storm;
The pine of the mountain is shattered and riven,
The oak of the forest uprooted and torn;
The voice of the tempest is thundering in wrath,
And wasting earth's beauty with lightning breath;
Desolation is tracking the whirlwind's path,
And strewing its foot-prints with ruin and death;
The hurricane demon holds revel on earth,
And o'er his dread havoc exultingly sings;—
Now wailing, now laughing in maniac mirth,
Till the dark vault of heaven with wild music rings.

The warring contentions of elements wild,
With earthquake convulsions, the world is shaking
And rocking its structures, like a cradled child,
Till mountain, the earth, and cave, to their centre are quaking.

The dark piney plume on the mount's towering breast,
That waved its green plumage unscathed in the gale,

Is torn as a tuft of wild flow'rs from its breast,
And flung in the torrent that foams in the vale;
The strongholds of men to their basements are rent,

The marble foundations of temple and tower;
The cloud-piercing pillars are broken and bent,
And shivered like glass by that warrior power.—

The angel of death flaps his wing o'er the wave,
And rides mountain-billows triumphantly;

While his struggling victims despairingly rave,
When He stifles their wailings of agony!

The warrior-breakers are thundering in ire,
Where deep answering deep unceasingly roar;

While the voice of their fury, the foam of their fire,
Is melting like snow on the wreck-strewn shore.

The barque, like a leaf on the measureless sea,
Is wing'd to the skies as a bird of the air;

Where the godless for mercy are bending the knee,

And the hearts of the haughty are melting in prayer.

Like a weed on the ocean, the mariner clings
To the wreck—now the plaything of wind and of wave;

While a chorus of billows a monody sings,
O'er the fathomless depth of his coffinless grave.

Oh! is there a God, the scoffer may cry,
Who walks on the wind, ruling ocean and land?

Oh, ask of the tempest—who thunders on high?
Who holds the proud wave in the palm of his hand?

The God of the tempest!—all glorious in might;—
The clouds are his chariot,—his ministers flame;

He mantles the earth with a garment of light;
The storm-wind and odour-breeze utter his name!

MARINONIA.

Le Feuilleton:

OR, THE SPIRIT OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

LUCY BUTLER; OR, THE ALPINE ROSE.

BREIG, a town in the Valais, is situated upon the north side of the Simplon, surrounded on all sides by the highest mountains which form part of the chain of the Alps, and is a few leagues from the source of the Rhone.

The valley, narrow though it be at St. Maurice, becomes still more so as we proceed, and when we have passed the town there are no traces of the plain to be found; while the houses, built on the summits of the highest rocks, look more like the haunts of dogs and of wild beasts than the dwellings of human beings.

Breig is a small mean-looking town, and badly built; nevertheless, to see from a distance the sharp-pointed and sparkling peaks which overtop the roofs of the houses, the vast number of beautiful turrets and ornamental towers pointing to the heavens, one would imagine that it was a large city, encompassing within its walls both riches and civilization. But how different! After crossing the bridge of Sartine, and proceeding to the streets of Breig, nothing is to be met with but misery and indolence—the one apparently engendering the other. Nature, which has been most lavish in adorning

the country with the most sublime and varied beauty, has done little or nothing for the intelligence of the people who inhabit it; they even remain insensible to the most imposing sights, to the *prodigious spectacles* which are perpetually presenting themselves to their eyes.

On a beautiful day about the middle of the month of September 1829, a postchaise, drawn by four horses, was seen moving rapidly along the road of the Haut Valais, which skirts the steep banks of the Rhone.

From the rich and costly nature of the vehicle, its outriders, and comfortable appearance, it was easy to discover that it belonged to some wealthy Englishman; the inside was occupied by two individuals, who seemed to pay little attention to the irregularity of the ground over which they were so rapidly passing.

On arriving at the bridge of the Sartine, where the junction of the two roads takes place, the horses slowly cleared the steep ridge of the causeway, and, after reaching the middle of the bridge, resumed their former gallop; but the travellers, instead of turning to the right, as was generally the case by those who visited this country, pursued their way straight forward, and shortly afterwards stopped in the centre of the town.

The arrival of a postchaise—above all, an English one—is a lucky affair for the *aubergistes* of Haut Valais. It appears that since the days of Sterne the English have got the name of being exceedingly liberal and careless of their money, and the hotel-keepers look with a covetous eye upon the long purse of John Bull, and employ all means—some of them not the most fair—to be possessed of its contents; therefore, no sooner did the carriage appear, than all the inmates of the hotel were at the door, testifying by grins and scrapes their joy at receiving such a visit.

A man alighted first, whose thin silvery hair and furrowed brow bore testimony that he had at least seen his fiftieth sun; yet, nevertheless, his step was firm, his figure erect, and his broad shoulders and expanded chest evincing both activity and strength not often to be met with in France at that advanced age. He held out his arm to a young person, whose face was screened by her veil, and who glided lightly from the carriage to the court-yard, and from the yard to the apartment, leaning gracefully upon the arm of her travelling companion.

The horses were immediately unharnessed, and the chaise, which lately rolled so rapidly along the dusty highway, stood inert and open in the middle of the court, its long shafts still covered with the foam of the horses.

At the expiration of an hour Sir Arthur Butler, the English tourist, issued forth

alone from the hotel, and soon afterwards was wending his way along the streets of Breig, but he was soon tired of walking, and shortly afterwards returned to the *auberge*.

On entering, he could not disguise his anger on finding the young lady pensive and melancholy, with the tear starting in her soft hazel eye.

"Well, Lucy," Sir Arthur said, "are you never going to be cheerful—am I never again to be greeted with your smile? Why do you allow your thoughts to cling to vain illusions; why enjoy the visionary dreams which your father wishes you to banish for ever?"

"I beseech you, my dear father," Lucy half articulated, "not to speak of the past. It would be better if it were forgotten."

"So I say, Lucy; and I wish it to be forgotten; but you do not know how it grieves me to see you so sad; to see you always pensive, thinking of what you should forget."

"What makes you suppose father, that my thoughts were on days by —"

Poor Lucy's voice faltered; she could not finish the sentence; but her eyes filled with tears, which trickled down her pale, then crimsoned cheeks.

"Your whole conduct," Sir Arthur replied, harshly; "where, now, is your smiling face? where your gay and pleasing manner? You now speak to me only of regret, and have no compassion for your father, whose only joy is in you, who loves no one save his daughter; yes, Lucy is unkind; for all that I do to cheer her is of no avail; she seems indifferent to everything, except — ah! she loves him still, and cares nothing about me."

"My father," Lucy faintly uttered.

"Come, come," Sir Arthur said gaily, astonished at the effect that his words had upon his daughter, who sank down upon the sofa; "come, come, my child, let us act reasonably. A husband; ah, as for that, we will find you something better than the little foppish Frenchman; fickle and conceited like the rest of his nation. Don't you agree with me, my dear; ah, well! kiss me, and we will speak no more of him."

Without remarking the effect that this discourse had upon the trembling Lucy, Sir Arthur turned lightly upon his heels, and, delighted with his paternal philosophy, went, like a good and loyal Englishman, to enjoy the delights of *roti*, and the flavour of *rum* and *eau de vie*. At ten o'clock, he fell asleep, and, like the *gastronome*, his night was spent in dreams; nor did he awake till morning.

At the same hour Lucy retired to bed; she offered up a prayer to heaven, to watch over her beloved parent; sought the aid and protection of Divine Providence; tried

to distract her mind from the happy days that she had spent with Edouard; thought of her mother who was now in heaven; then sank into repose, and dreamt only of angels and of God.

On the following morning, Sir Arthur expressed his joy on finding that Lucy was less distracted, and more cheerful than she had been on the previous day; he smilingly kissed her, said she was a good girl, and expressed his desire that she should accompany him to see the glaciers.

Lucy walked in silence by the side of her father, who was expressing in high terms his enthusiasm and admiration of the scenes around; she was contemplating nature, as it displayed itself before her eyes in all its glory and magnificence. The fresh breeze roseated her cheeks, ordinarily pale, and the playful winds sported with the dark brown ringlets that clustered round her forehead. Her large hazel eye was occasionally lighted up with joy, then moistened with a tear; while her pliant and graceful form, and the divine and melancholy expression of her face, rendered her an object of interest to all who saw her.

Lucy Butler was what might be termed in English *brunette*,—beautiful to the highest degree of perfection. On beholding her stepping gracefully along the Alps, one might have imagined that she was a divinity that had wandered from the eternal snows, and was again about to enter into her mysterious grotto.

Sir Arthur and Lucy ascended the mountain of Naters, which faces the Simplon, where, winding along precipices, cascades, and numerous forests, the famed road from Breig to Milan is situated. What description is able to give an idea of the impression which the sight of this dazzling *tableau* produces upon the mind? There the white and wild summits of the arid mountains rise up as by enchantment, seemingly created by God, to imprint on our hearts the idea of his omnipotence and the certitude of our nothingness; and the most wonderful work of genius, of man's fabrication, is as nothing when compared to this stupendous work of the Almighty. There the sun, when shedding its rays upon that seemingly spell-bound sea of ice, gives to all objects varied forms, graceful and magnificent, and to that place the artists of all nations have come in search of models; where the colours of the *prisms* are seen among the immense crystallizations of ice and of snow. It is the *palette* which God has given to the earth, enriched with all the shades of the rainbow, bright as the diamond, and sparkling with fire; where architecture, ornamental and colossal, is to be seen, and where innumerable monuments are ever presenting themselves to our view. Cities entire, as it were, appear on

the surface of an ocean of ice; and Greek temples, with innumerable isolated columns; gothic churches, whose foundations are built upon snow, more solid than marble or stone, and has been so from time immemorial, strike the eye of the beholder. There all is grandeur, all is poetry; man only and his works appear insignificant in the presence of that high and sublime structure of the Almighty.

Before this magnificent *spectacle* Sir Arthur ceased speaking, and began, like his daughter, to look on all around in wonder and astonishment. His attention was at last turned towards one of the grottos, surrounded with verdure, and which are so numerous in the Alps. He let go the arm of Lucy, walked quickly to the spot, and, in spite of the warnings of his daughter, entered one of the glaciers, where, hidden from view, is often found the open mouth of a subterranean abyss. All at once, Sir Arthur disappeared.—L'ETUDIANT.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

RESPONSE OF THE SACRED PENITENTIARY ON THE SUBJECT OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

THE *Ami de la Religion* of Fribourg contains four questions that have been proposed to the Sacred Penitentiary on the subject of Animal Magnetism, and also the answers which have been given in return. As it is a matter of some importance, and engages much of popular attention in the metropolis at present; and as the questions and answers vouchsafed are rather curious in themselves, the reader is presented with them, as well as a literal translation as given in one of the weekly papers:—

“Eminentissime D.D.

“Cum hactenus responsa circa *Magnetismum animale* minimè sufficere videantur, sitque magnopere optandum ut tutius magisque uniformiter solvi queant casus non rarò incidentes; infra signatus eminentiæ vestre humiliter sequentia exponit.

“Persona magnetisata quæ plerumque sexus est femineus; in eam statum soporis ingreditur, dictum *sobnambulismum magneticum*, tam altè ut nec maximis fragor ad ejus aures, nec ferri ignisve ulla vehementia illam suscitare valeant. Ab solo magnetisatore cui consensus suum dedit (consensus enim est necessarius), ad illud extasis genus adducitur, sive variis palpationibus gesticulationibusve, quando ille adest, sive simplici mandato eodemque interno, cum vel pluribus locis distat.

“Tunc vivà voce seu mentaliter de suo absentiumque, penitus ignotorum sibi, morbo interrogata, hæc persona evidenter indocta

hilicò medicos scientià longè superat: res anatomicas accuratissimè enuntiat; morborum interiorum in humano corpore, qui cogniti definitaque peritis difficilissimi sunt, causam, sedem, naturam indigitat, eorumdem progressus, variationes, complicationes evolvit, idque propriis terminis; sæpè etiam dictorum morborum diuturnitatem exactè prænuntiat, remediaque simplicissima et efficacissima præcipit.

"Si adest persona de quâ magnetisata mulier consultit, relationem inter utramque per contactum instituit magnetisator. Cum verò abest, cincinnus ex ejus cæsarie can supplet ac sufficit. Hoc enim cincinnotantum ad palmam magnetisatæ admoto, confestim hæc declarare quid sit (quin aspiat oculis), cujus sint capilli, ubinam versetur nunc persona ad quam pertinent, quid rerum agat; circæque ejus morbum omnia supra dicta documenta ministrare, haud aliter atque si, medicorum more, corpus ipsa introspecerit.

"Postremò, magnetisata non oculis cernit. Ipsis velatis, quidquid erit, illuc leget legendi nescia, seu librum seu manuscriptum, vel apertum, vel clausum, suo capiti vel ventri impositum. Etiam ex hac regione ejus verba egredi videntur. Hoc autem status educta, vel ad jussum etiam internum magnetisantis, vel quasi sponte sua, ipso temporis puncto à se prænuntiat, nihil omnino de rebus in paroxysmo peractis sibi conscire videtur, quantumvis ille duraverit: quænam ab ipsâ petita fuerint, quæ verò responderit, quæ pertulerit; hæc omnia nullam in ejus intellectu ideam, nec minimum in memoria vestigium reliquerunt.

"Itaque, orator infra scriptus, tam validas cernens rationes dubitandi an simpliciter naturales sint tales effectus, quorum occasionalis causa tam parùm cum eis proportionata demonstratur, enixè vehementissimèque vestram eminentiam rogat, ut ipsa, pro suâ sapientiâ, ad majorem Omnipotentis gloriam, necnon ad majus animarum bonum, quæ à Domino redemptæ tanti constiterunt, decernere velit, an, posita præfatorum veritate, confessarius parochusve tutò possit penitentibus aut parochianis suis permittere—

"1. Ut magnetismum animale, illis characteribus aliisque similibus præditum exerceant, tanquam artem medicinæ auxiliatricem atque suppletoriam.

"2. Ut sese illum in status somnambulismi magnetismi demittendos consentiant.

"3. Ut vel de se vel de aliis personas consulant illo modo magnetisatas.

"4. Ut unum de tribus prædictis suscipiant, habitâ prius cantelâ formaliter ex animo renuntiandi cuilibet diabolico pacto explicito vel implicito, omni etiam satanice interventioni, quoniam hæc non obstante cautione, à nonnullis ex magnetismo hujus-

modi vel iidem vel aliquot effectus obtenti jam fuerunt.

"Eminentissime D.D., Eminentie Vestrae de mandato Reverendissimi Episcopi Lausanensis et Genevensis, humillimus obequentissimusque servus Jac. XAVERIUS FONTANA, Can. Cancell. Epis.
"Friburgi Helvetici, ex Ædibus Episcopalis die 19 Maii, 1841."

RESPONSIO.

"Sacra Penitentiaria maturè perpensis expositis respondendum censet prout respondet: Usum magnetismi, prout in casu exponitur, non licere.

"Datum Romæ in S. Penitentiariâ, die 1 Julii, 1841.

"C. CARD. CASTRACANE, M. P.

"FR. POMELLA, S. P., Secretarius."

Vu pour copie conforme à l'original.—
Fribourg, le 26 Juillet, 1841.

Par ordre, J. FERROULAS, secrétaire de l'évêché.

TRANSLATION.

"Most Eminent Lord,

"Since that which has hitherto been answered respecting animal magnetism seems by no means to suffice, and it is much to be wished that cases not infrequently occurring may be solved more safely and more uniformly, the undersigned humbly lays before your eminence that which follows:—

"A magnetized person, who is generally of the female sex, enters into that state of sleep, called *magnetic somnambulism*, so deeply, that not even the greatest noise at her ears, nor any violence of iron or fire, is capable of raising her from it. She is brought into this kind of ecstasy by the magnetizer alone, to whom she has given consent (for consent is necessary), either by various touches or gesticulations, when he is present, or by a simple command, and that, too, an internal one; when he is at a distance of even several leagues.

"Then, being interrogated, aloud or mentally, concerning her own disease, or those of absent persons entirely unknown to her, this person, who is evidently one unlearned, at once exhibits great superiority in science to medical men; announces most accurately anatomical matters; indicates the cause, seat, and nature, of internal diseases in the human body, which, to the skilful, are most difficult of understanding and definition; and unravels their progress, variation, and complications, and this in the terms proper to them; frequently she predicts exactly the duration of them, and prescribes the most simple and most efficacious remedies.

"If the person concerning whom the magnetized woman is consulted is present, the magnetizer establishes the relation between them by means of contact. If, how-

ever, he be absent, a lock of his hair supplies his place, and suffices; for when this lock of hair is brought into the proximity only of the hand of the magnetized person, he declares what it is (without casting his eyes on it), whose hair it is, where the person is actually sojourning to whom the hair belongs, what he is doing, and affords the above-mentioned information respecting his disease, not otherwise than if, after the manner of medical men, he were inspecting the interior of his body.

"Lastly, the magnetized person does not see with the eye. The eyes being covered, though not knowing how to read, he will read off whatever is placed on his head or stomach, whether a book or a manuscript, open or shut; his words, too, seem to issue from this region. But when brought out of this state, either at the order, even internal, of the magnetizer, or, as it were, spontaneously at the moment previously announced by himself, he appears to be not at all conscious of the things gone through by him in the paroxysm, how long soever it may have lasted, what may have been demanded of him, what he may have answered, what he may have undergone; all these things have left no idea in his understanding, nor the least vestige in his memory.

"Therefore the undersigned petitioner, seeing valid reasons for doubting whether such effects, the occasional cause of which is shewn to be so little proportioned to them, be simply natural, earnestly and most fervently prays that your eminence to be pleased, in your wisdom, for the greater glory of the Omnipotent, as well as the greater good of souls, which have been redeemed by the Lord at so great a price, may be pleased to decide whether, admitting the truth of the premises, a confessor or curate may safely permit to his penitents or parishioners—

"1. That they practise animal magnetism endowed with such or other like characteristics, as an art auxiliary and supplementary to medicine.

"2. That they consent to be thrown into such a state of magnetic somnambulism.

"3. That they consult persons magnetized in such a manner either concerning themselves or concerning others.

"4. Or that they undertake one of these last-mentioned three things, having first taken the precaution of formally renouncing in their minds every diabolic compact, explicit or implicit, as well as all satanic interventions, since, notwithstanding such precaution, similar effects, or some such effects have been obtained by some persons.

"Most Eminent Lord, by command of the Most Reverend the Archbishop of Lausanne and Geneva, your Eminence's most humble and most obedient

servant, JAMES XAVIER FONTANA,
Chancellor of the Episcopal Chancery.

"Friburg, in Switzerland, Episcopal Palace, the 19th May, 1841."

RESPONSE.

"The Sacred Penitentiary, the premises having been maturely weighed, considers that these should be answered as it now answers:—The use of magnetism, as set forth in the case, is not permissible.

"Given at Rome, in the Sacred Penitentiary, the 1st day of July, 1841.

"C. CARD. CASTRACANE, M.P.

"PH. POMELLA, of the S.P., Secretary.

"Certified as a copy conformable to the original.—Friburg, the 26th July, 1841.

"By order, J. FERROULAZ, Secretary of the Bishopric."

IMPORTANT INVENTIONS FOR NAVIGATION.

THE imperfection attending the action of the log in ascertaining the rate at which ships are sailing has long been felt, and other means of attaining the same object have been anxiously desired by all captains of ships. An apparatus has been contrived and patented by M. Clement, of Rochefort, called a *Sillometer*, or watch, for indicating the speed of a ship, which has so successfully accomplished the purpose, that the French Admiralty have ordered its immediate application to the ships in the royal navy of France. M. Clement has taken out patents in England for this invention, and also for two others connected with it, the operation of which we will endeavour to describe as shortly as possible. The *sillometer* consists of a piece of copper, called by the inventor the *agent*, against which the water acts. This agent is attached to a movable plug of the same metal, which slides in a copper tube fixed through the centre of the vessel to the keel; to this plug is attached a lever, which, by means of a vertical rod, acts on a second lever placed on the deck of the vessel, and communicating with a spring; the tension of the spring constitutes an equilibrium with the presence of the water on the *agent*, and serves to measure the rate at which the ship is moving by means of a hand, the movement of which on a graduated dial indicates, at every moment, not only the speed of the ship, but also the distance run in any given time, by marking all the distances passed within short intervals. A table annexed to the instrument allows the officer on the watch to note the distance traversed at the moment when his watch is relieved. The *sillometer* resolves many problems of great importance. It gives every moment the rate of the ship's sailing, and

also the space traversed in any given time. It indicates positively either the influence of a sail furled or unfurled, of a change in the placing of the ballast or of the guns, and what is the most favourable direction of the wind for its action on the sails, which is very important either in giving chase or endeavouring to get away. It offers also the advantage of measuring, when at anchor, the force of currents on the keel. The second of M. Clement's inventions is called a *Direvometer*, or watch, to ascertain a ship's lee-way. It is moved by a paddle, that may be placed under the keel at will, and is supported by a plug sliding in a tube like that of the sillometer, but turning with the paddle and the rod. This motion is produced in two semicircles, one of which indicates the lee-way to larboard, the other to starboard. When at anchor, the instrument will shew clearly the directions of the currents. The third invention is a submarine thermometer. It appears from the thermometrical observations of many scientific navigators, that in seas of unfathomable depth the water is not so cold as over banks; and that over banks near the shore it is less cold than over those at a greater distance, but colder than in the open sea. M. Clement, by making use of his sillometer tube, places at the bottom of the plug which sustains the *agent* of the sillometer a metallic thermometer, formed of a stripe composed of two metals, and turned in a spiral shape, which is fixed by one end to the plug, and by the other to a vertical rod, which is so adapted as to turn two hands; one of which moves at the least alteration of temperature; the other follows the angle of rotation of the rod. In the experiments made on the coast of France, results have been obtained which shew the great services this instrument may render to navigation.—*From a French Correspondent of the Inventor's Advocate.*

ORIGIN OF SHAKSPEARE'S MERCHANT OF VENICE.

In the life of Pope Sixtus II., by Greg. Leti, is a remarkable passage to the following effect:—"It was reported in Rome that Drake had taken and plundered St. Domingo, in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty. This account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts, which he had insured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer, Simpson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true, and at last worked himself into such a passion, that he said, 'I'll lay you a pound of my flesh it's

a lie.' Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, 'I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh it is true.' The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed between them, that if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased. The truth of the account was soon confirmed, and the Jew was almost distracted when he was informed that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to an exact performance of his contract. A report of this transaction was brought to the Pope, who sent for the parties, and, being informed of the whole affair, said, 'When contracts are made, it is but just they should be fulfilled, as this shall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We advise you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a scruple more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged.' A poem is contained in *Percy Relics of Ancient Poetry*, entitled, "A new Song, showing the cruelty of Gernutus, a Jew, who, lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed."

The Gatherer.

AT one of our seaport towns there stood (and, we believe, doth stand there still) a fort, on the outside of which is a spacious field, overlooking a delightful prospect of land and water. At the time we are speaking of, a Major Brown was the commandant; and, his family being fond of a milk diet, the veteran had several cows that pastured in the land aforesaid; a sentry was placed near the entrance, part of whose duty it was to prevent strangers and stray cattle from trespassing therein. Upon one occasion an Irish marine, a stranger to the place, was on duty at this post, and, having received the regular orders not to allow any one to go upon the grass but the major's cows, determined to adhere to them strictly. He had not been long at his post when three elegant young ladies presented themselves at the entrance for the purpose of taking their usual evening walk, and were quickly accosted by the marine with "You can't go there?" "Oh! but we may," uttered the ladies, with one voice, "we have the privilege to do so." "Privilege!" repeated the sentry; "an' I don't care what ye have, but you musn't go there, I tell ye; it's Major Brown's positive orders to the contrary." "Oh—ay—yes—we know that," said the eldest of the ladies, with dignity; "but we are Major Brown's daughters!" "Ah, well, you don't go in there anyhow," exclaimed

Pat, bringing his firelock to the port. "You may be Major Brown's daughters, but you're not Major Brown's cows."

An anonymous letter is a mode of moral murder, which, using only a pen for a poniard, and an inkstand for a bowl, poisons confidence and stabs characters, without fear of detection.

Deathbed Declarations Suspicious.—The motions and delirium of the dying are very frequently excited by the nature of the disease itself; for all mental impressions, whether real or imaginary, must operate powerfully when the mind, through disease or protracted suffering, is rendered incapable of averting their influence. So deathbed manifestations cannot always be attributed to coherent mental excitement, they are more frequently just the delirium of the dying, from the excited state of the brain and nervous system. On this account deeds and confessions, in many cases, made immediately before death, are not to be depended upon; for, even with apparent collectedness, there is generally too much at that time to distract the mind and pervert the judgment to admit of calm and unbiassed reflection. Unless there exist indubitate proof of mental saneness, the declarations of the dying ought in no case to be taken as sound positive averments respecting either themselves or others.—*Reid's Philosophy of Death.*

Reminiscence of Mr. Shirra.—At Kinghorn, as at other ferries, at that period it was the practice of the boatman, whose turn it was to sail, to call the loungers and passengers from their potations and lurking places by hawling from end to end of the town—"The boat ah! to Leith, ah!" Mr. Shirra was preaching in the Burger tent at Kinghorn on a fast day, and observing lang Tam Gallawa with some boatmen and passengers in the bustle of passing down to Pettycur, stopped short in his discourse, and addressed them with an energy peculiar to himself—"Boatmen, ah!" The boatmen and attendants stopped. "Boatmen, you cry, 'The boat, ah! to Leith, ah!'" We cry, "Sal-va-ti-on, ah! to Heaven, ah!" You sail aneath Skipper Gallawa, there: we sail aneath Christ!—we ha'e Christ for oor skipper, the Holy Spirit for oor pilot, an' God himsel' at the helm! Your boat, let me tell ye, is but a bit fir deal frae Norawa! the keel o' oor boat was laid in Bethlehem, built in Judea, rigged in Jerusalem, launched on Mount Calvary; we ha'e the cross o' Christ for a helm, a Cedar o' Lebanon for a mast, an' the redemption of mankind for a freight. Your voyage under your earthly skipper, short as it is, may end in shipwreck and disaster; but oor voyage, lang as it may be, wi' Christ for oor skipper, will end in ever-

lasting joy an' glory unspeakable! Slip awa' noo, for time an' tide will nae man bide; but mind what I've said t'ye—dinna swear nor tak' the holy name o' God in vain, as ye want to do, an' I'll pray for ye."

—*Stirling Observer.*

Tight Lacing.—A physician in Albany, New York, says, "We read last week a heart-sickening account of the decease of a fine and amiable young lady, who fell a victim to fashion—*she laced herself to death!* Apart from the prevailing infatuation which leads females to commit elegant and refined suicide, she is said to have been an uncommonly intelligent and promising girl. The body presented a dreadful sight. The ribs were contracted to within half their natural circumference, and the shoulder blades were actually lapped over each other! The chest was of course extremely narrow, and not half the natural room was left for the action of the heart, and the inspiration of air into the lungs. The consequence was, death."—*New York Observer.*

A Watchmaker's Ruse.—A poor watchmaker came down to settle at —. The village was populous. This person was utterly unknown, but he had ingeniously hit on a project to procure employ. He contrived, when the church door was open daily, to send up his son, a lad of address, to the church tower unseen, and to alter the clock. This the boy was enabled to do by a slight knowledge of his father's business. This measure, of course, made all the watches in the neighbourhood wrong so repeatedly (and everyone swears by his church clock), that the owners sent them to the new comer to be cleaned and repaired. This ruse established the artisan.

A Good Story.—One day, a sturdy peasant in the environs of Evreux was at work in the field, amidst storm and rain, and went home in the evening thoroughly tired, and drenched to the skin. He was met at the house door by his loving wife, who had been at home all day. "My dear," said she, "it has been raining so hard that I could not fetch water, and so I have not been able to make you any soup. As you are wet through, I shall be obliged to you to fetch me a couple of buckets of water; you will not get any wetter." The argument was striking; so the man took the buckets and fetched some water from the well, which was at a considerable distance. On reaching the house, he found his wife comfortably seated by the fire; then, lifting one bucket after the other, he poured both over his kind and considerate partner. "Now wife," said he, "you are quite as wet as I am, so you may as well fetch water for yourself; you can't get any wetter."—*Excursions in Normandy.*

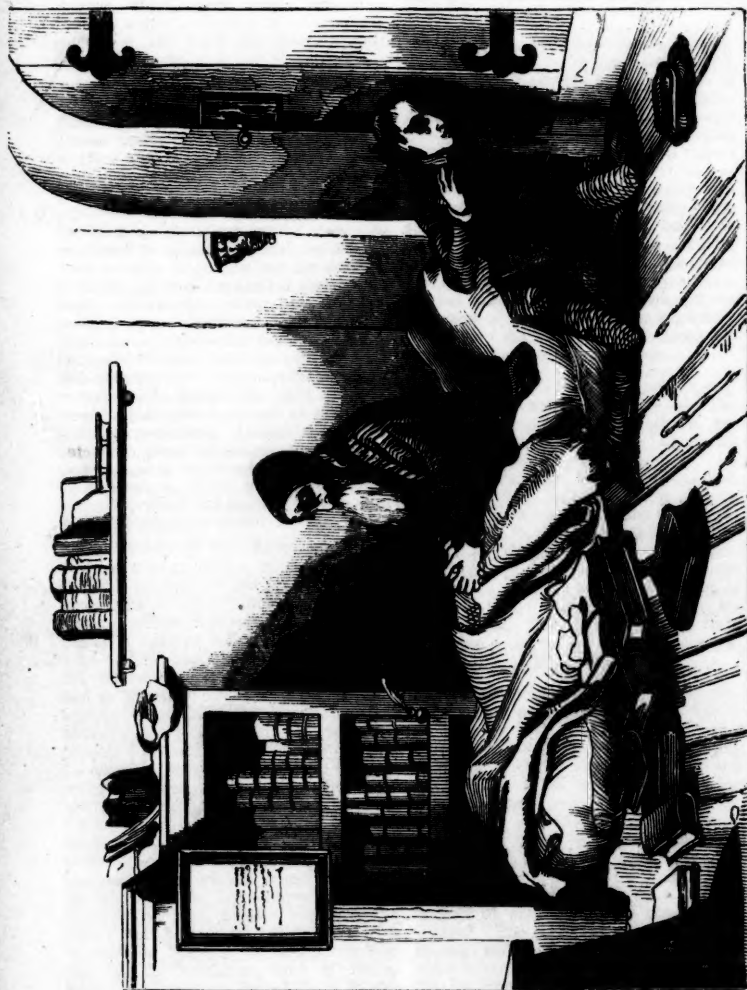
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PIERRE RAMUS AWAITING HIS ASSASSIN.